

## WHAT I'VE SEEN IN MY DREAMS.

BY H. E. TRACY.

Have seen, in my dreams, a woman  
Whose form displayed every grace,  
While intelligence, feeling, and passion  
Illumined her beautiful face.  
Not though conscious she was of possessing  
All the charms that are found in humanity,  
In this lady I saw in my dreams  
There was nothing of pride or vanity.

I have also seen in my dreams  
A man, as bold as a lion,  
Of the proudest stock in the land  
A noble and flourishing son;  
And yet in a manner so gentle,  
To the lowly as well as the high,  
You would love him the moment you saw him,  
And meet the full gaze of his eye.

I have also seen a statesman  
Rise forth at his country's behest,  
Who was able to pilot a nation  
In the way that is wisest and best.  
But yet, though he led on the people,  
Who willingly followed his call,  
He sacrificed nothing to party,  
For to him his country was all.

I have even seen in my dreams  
An honest political man—  
But why speak of these pleasant delusions—  
To find such things real, who can?  
They might be in some other planet,  
But here, when we're awakened, it seems  
That such very desirable people  
Are only met with in our dreams.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## Dry Earth as a Fertilizer.

It is very seldom that one finds a privy in the country which is a nuisance. Those who are careful and neat about most matters, generally utterly neglect this necessary appendage to their premises. It is well known that the poudrette which is made and sold in great quantities is only night soil, deodorized by mixing it with the dreggings of a canal and drying it. It is commonly supposed that some particular kind of earth is necessary, and in the absence of that, none at all is used. Any kind of earth, well dried, and all the better if sifted, will answer to mix with the night soil. The Rev. H. Moule, of England, states that he finds that the earth after being used once and then thoroughly dried, is equally as efficacious as at first, and that he was using the same earth for the fifth time, the resulting compound being so perfectly odorless that a person unacquainted with its composition would not suspect what it was. Aside from considerations of comfort and health, this plan is worth adopting for the value of the resulting manure. He says: "A farmer and several laborers to whom I mentioned the following simple plan at once entered into it. The present vault is to be discontinued, and in the place of it there is to be under the seat a small enclosure of brick or stone, six or nine inches deep. To preserve the full value of the manure for the garden, the enclosure should be covered, or have a flat stone for its bottom. It would, of course, be closed with a door. On one side would be a small rough shed, capable of covering and keeping dry a cart-load of earth for the purpose of mixing, and on the other side a similar shed, into which the soil so mixed would dry by day be thrown, for the purpose of drying. When dry, this would be used again, and the uses of the two sheds be reversed. By thus repeatedly using it, and shifting it backward and forward from one shed to the other, one load of earth will be found sufficient for five persons, certainly for six months, and, I believe, for twelve. This is the simplest, but by no means the least effective mode of applying this remarkable agent."

## Poultry.

The value of poultry and eggs raised in France annually is twenty million dollars, and in England only four millions. In this respect we are doubtless far behind our French cousins. The English climate is against them, but ours is doubtless as favorable as that of France or any other country. Many good farmers seem to suppose that poultry and a garden are inconsistent, and yet a little expense in fortifying the garden fence with pickets, or a few laths, will remedy them at once. In cities hens may be kept confined, but this is not the profitable method. Give them a wide range for grass and insects, and you will find no investment pay half so well, and for this very reason, if for no other, that by their means so much valueless matter, combined with a little grain, is converted into the choicest human food. They need warm quarters and low roosts, and a place for roosting devoted to themselves where they will be undisturbed. In raising chickens we should notice that it is not that destroys more than all other causes, especially in this case with turkeys. The best plan we have found is to confine the mother bird inside a house or shed with a lattice which allows the chicks to go out. But this they are not allowed to do until the dew is thoroughly dried off in the morning; not at all when it rains until they arrive at the age when they become sufficiently strong.

## How to Grow Horses.

In grooming a horse men sometimes use a heavy curry-comb and a heavier hand, not because they are necessary to the cleaning process, but simply to see how the animal will "cut up." This is all wrong, and it is pity that groom thus abusing his power could not be made to change places with the horse as often as the wrong is perpetuated. Many horses, and good ones too, are thin skinned and peculiarly sensitive to the curry-comb. Such might well be spared the affliction, since a wisp of hay and a card with fine teeth will be found ample for the purpose of cleaning and friction. A heavy and rough instrument, used with an unskilful hand, makes the horse suspicious, sours his temper, and some-

times induces disagreeable retaliation. A horse well and properly groomed twice a day will appear better, feel better, work more vigorously, and be less likely to become ill, than if neglected or left to such grooming only as a fence corner or a friendly rack may supply.

## Rural New Yorker.

## About Good and Poor Milk.

MR. N. T. TRUE, of the Maine Farmer, writes that milk differs more widely in quality than almost any other article. It differs in different breeds, and in cows of the same breed, at different seasons of the year. Let a cow be fed on meadow hay alone, and that late cut, and her milk will look blue and thin, and void of cream. Buyers of such milk have reason to complain of poor milk. On the other hand, the same cow fed with sweet clover hay, or fed with meal, will give you milk entirely different in quality. Milk kept in a foul cellar will be essentially affected by the odors arising from the decomposition of vegetable matter.

## FOR YOUTHFUL READERS.

## King Grizzle-Beard.

A GREAT king of a land far away in the East had a daughter who was very beautiful, but so proud, and haughty, and conceited that none of the princes who came to ask her in marriage were good enough for her, and she only made sport of them.

Once upon a time the king held a great feast, and asked thither all her suitors; and they all sat in a row ranged according to their rank—kings, and princes, and dukes, and earls, and counts, and barons, and knights.

Then the princess came in, and as she passed by them she had something spiteful to say to every one.

The first was too fat: "He's as round as a tub," said she.

The next was too tall: "What a may-pole!" said she.

The third was too short: "What a dumpling!" said she.

The fourth was too pale, and she called him "Wallface."

The fifth was too red, so she called him "Coxcomb."

The sixth was not straight enough; so she said he was like a green stick, that had been laid to dry over a baker's oven.

And thus she had some joke to crack upon every one; but she laughed more than all at a good king who was there.

"Look at him," said she; "his beard is like an old mop; he shall be called Grizzle-beard."

So the king got the nickname of Grizzle-beard.

But the old king was very angry when he saw how his daughter behaved, and how she ill-treated all his guests; and he vowed that, willing or unwilling, she should marry the first man, be prince or beggar, who came to the door.

Two days after there came by a traveling fiddler, who began to play under the window and beg alms; and when the king heard him he said:

"Let him come in."

So they brought in a dirty-looking fellow, and when he had sung before the king and the princess, he begged a boon.

Then the king said:

"You have sung so well that I will give you my daughter for your wife."

The princess begged and prayed; but the king said:

"I have sworn to give you to the first comer, and I will keep my word."

So words and tears were of no avail; the parson was sent for, and she was married to the fiddler.

When this was over the king said:

"Now get ready to go—you must travel on with your husband."

Then the fiddler went his way, and took her with him, and they soon came to a great wood.

"Pray," said she, "how is this wood?"

"It belongs to King Grizzle-beard," answered he; "hadst thou taken him, all had been thine."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" sighed she; "would that I had married King Grizzle-beard!"

Next they came to some fine meadows.

"Where are these beautiful green meadows?" said she.

"They belong to King Grizzle-beard; hadst thou taken him, they had all been thine."

"Ah! unlucky wretch that I am!" said she; "would that I had married King Grizzle-beard!"

Then they came to a great city.

"Where is this noble city?" said she.

"It belongs to King Grizzle-beard; hadst thou taken him, it had all been thine."

"Ah! wretch that I am!" sighed she; "why did I not marry King Grizzle-beard?"

"That is no business of mine," said the fiddler; "why should you wish for another husband? am not I good enough for you?"

At last they came to a small cottage.

"What a pretty place!" said she; "to whom does that little dirty hole belong?"

Then the fiddler said:

"That is your and my house, where we are to live."

"Where are your servants?" cried she.

"What do we want with servants?" said he; "you must do for yourself whatever is to be done. Now make the fire, and put on water, and cook my supper, for I am very tired."

But the princess knew nothing of making fires and cooking, and the fiddler was forced to help her.

When they had eaten a very scanty meal they went to bed; but the fiddler called her up very early in the morning to clean the house.

Thus they lived for two days, and when they had eaten up all there was in the cottage, the man said:

"Wife, we can't go on thus, spending money and earning nothing. You must learn to weave baskets."

Then he went out and cut willows, and brought them home, and she began

to weave, but it made her fingers very sore.

"I see this work won't do," said he; "try and spin; perhaps you will do that better."

So she sat down and tried to spin; but the threads cut her fingers till the blood ran.

"See now," said the fiddler, "you are good for nothing; you can do no work; what a bargain I have got! However, I'll try and set up a trade in pots and pans, and you shall stand in the market and sell them."

"Alas!" sighed she, "if any of my father's court should pass by and see me standing in the market, how they will laugh at me!"

But her husband did not care for that, and said she must work, if she did not wish to die of hunger.

At first the trade went well; for many people, seeing such a beautiful woman, went to buy her wares, and paid their money without thinking of taking away the goods. They lived on this as long as it lasted, and then her husband bought a fresh lot of ware, and she sat herself down with it in a corner of the market; but a drunken soldier soon came by, and rode his horse against her stall, and broke all her goods into a thousand pieces. Then she began to cry, and knew not what to do.

"Ah! what will become of me?" said she; "what will my husband say?"

So she ran home and told him all.

"Who would have thought you would have been so silly," said he, "as to put an earthenware stall in the corner of the market where everybody passes? But let us have no more crying; I see you are not fit for this sort of work, so I have been to the king's palace, and asked if they did not want a kitchen-maid; and they say they will take you, and there you will have plenty to eat."

Thus the princess became a kitchen-maid, and helped the cook do all the dirtiest work, but she was allowed to carry home some of the meat that was left, and on this they lived.

She had not been there long before she heard that the king's eldest son was passing by, going to be married, and she went to one of the windows and looked out.

Everything was ready, and all the pomp and brightness of the court was there. Then she bitterly grieved for the pride and folly which had brought her so low. And the servants gave her some of the rich meats, which she put into her basket to take home.

All on a sudden, as she was going out, in came the king's son in golden clothes, and when he saw a beautiful woman at the door he took her by the hand, and said she should be his partner in the dance; but she trembled for fear, for she saw that it was King Grizzle-beard who was making sport of her. However he kept fast hold, and led her in; and the cover of the basket came off, so that the meats in it fell all about. Then everybody laughed and jeered at her, and she was so abashed that she wished herself a thousand feet deep in the earth. She sprang to the door to run away; but on the steps King Grizzle-beard overtook her, and brought her back and said:

"Fear me not! I am the fiddler who has lived with you in the hut. I brought you there because I really loved you. I am also the soldier that overset your stall. I have done all this only to cure you of your silly pride, and to show you the folly of your ill-treatment of me. Now all is over; you have learnt wisdom, and it is time to hold our marriage feast."

Then the chamberlains came and brought her the most beautiful robes; and her father and his whole court were there already, and welcomed her home on her marriage.

Joy was in every face and every heart. The feast was grand; they danced and sang; all were merry; and I only wish that you and I had been of the party.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

A "CABELLAM" is the phrase for a cable dispatch.

It is not varnish upon a carriage that gives it motion or strength.

In the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl.

"File right!" said an officer to his company. "Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near by, sharpening his saw, "it's me own property, an' I'll be doin' as I please wid it."

A PETT little girl boasted to one of her young friends that her father kept a carriage. "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

Why is it complimentary to call a man a "son of a gun?" Because it is well known that no gun is good for anything unless it descends in a straight line from a good stock.

A GERMAN paper states that a young man recently married a widow twice his age; and he ascertained subsequently that his wife had once been his wet nurse.

The most remarkable instance of indecision we ever heard of was that of the man who sat up all night because he could not decide which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

"This looking forward to enjoyment," says an able writer, "I don't pay."

"From what I know of it, I don't pay as soon chase butterflies for a living or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights."

A WESTERN editor recently published this remarkable statement: "The poem which we publish in this week's Herald was written by an esteemed friend, who has lain many years in the grave for his own amusement."

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love, but I was not aware who your partner was."

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